



Homeless



39 2 3

Chapter 1 by Amelia Rose

The ground is stained with dark spots of old gum. Years of dirt are etched into the walls. The smell of cigarette's and car fumes fills the air.

I feel at home.

Chapter 2 by ChromeOS



Too many people walk past without even glancing at me. Me who is out here all alone with no one to comfort me and no one to get me through hard times. Everyday I hope even just one person would be nice, nice enough to help get me back on my feet or at least sit down and listen to me, have a conversation with me even. But no, the same thing happens everyday no one even seems to think i'm alive, but I will never give up hope.

Chapter 3 by Amelia Rose



They call me homeless, but that is not the truth. I am simply houseless. I have a home.

My home is amongst these streets.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Sure, sometimes when I am lying in an alley, trying not to move, or even think, because the cramping in my empty stomach is too painful, I wish I had a nice meal every night.

Sure, when my period rolls around each month, and I have no way of stopping the blood from staining my few clothes, other than sacrificing the little money I collect from begging. Instead of using it to buy the food I can, I have to use it to buy pads, and tampons, and new underwear.

Sure, life is rough sometimes, but I don't have any home other than amongst these streets, and you know what they say - home is home sweet home.

Even if it is a little more sour than sweet.

I wonder if this will always be my home?

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature

☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account